

The

# GRAIL

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## THE GRAIL

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# Thy Kingdom Come

**M**ISSION Sunday began 1900 years ago when Our Lord commanded His Apostles to go into the whole world to teach and baptize all men. Without that command Peter might have isolated himself in Judea and permitted only a chosen few to come to him. Without that command Paul might have forgotten the outer world and explained only to the elite of the Rabbinical School his newly found mysteries. Without that command many of the Apostles might never have sought Rome and the empire as a field of their labors or directed their steps to the far regions of the earth.

Our Holy Father, Pius XII, mindful of that command, insists that salvation is for all men and that the apostolic spirit is not of yesterday but for all times.

So today, missionaries are engaged in preaching the gospel in the Polar North, along the jungle pathways of central Asia and beside the far inland rivers of Africa. Armed only with the sword of Truth and the fire of Charity they are struggling against superstition and unbelief and preparing men to receive the salvation Christ bought for them with His blood. The world stands amazed at the sight of these heroes of the Gospel eagerly accepting the path of self-denial and the forfeiture of all that life holds dear to labor for the salvation of the heathen.

Not to all of us is given this special apostolic gift. Most of us are merely asked to assist the work of the missionaries in other lands so that their activities for the salvation and well-being of souls may be successful. We have indeed the easier part merely to respond to the appeal of Mission Sunday and show the world that there is still in us the practical Missionary spirit that inspires our kinsmen and sustains them in every crisis.

We are proud and rightly so of the splendid Churches that are

*Rev. Joseph M. Lynch*



Rev. Joseph M. Lynch of the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

found in so many sections of the country. We admire, though we can hardly realize, the devotion and sacrifices of those people whose faith and love-inspired zeal made them possible. They are indeed monuments of the generous cooperation of faithful and clergy. The same scene is unfolding itself in mission countries. Growth and progress are reported on every side. God's providence has saved many of them from the world-engulfing war and is evidently preparing them for a more abundant harvest. Much in the past is indeed admirable but we must not rest on the past. We must press on to new fields and reach out for more souls for Christ. The missionaries have given their lives. Can we not give something to keep them alive and assist them in their peaceful conquests?

The time is favorable, for while our age and country are using the inventions of modern life for natural gain and quick ephemeral pleasures,

it is our duty to utilize speed of travel, conquests of the air and the discovery of radio vibration to extend the knowledge and hope of Christ. The principal menace today is materialistic secularism. This is true at home and most certainly true in foreign lands. Not but in the encroachments of a secular and pagan civilization are the obstacles that have sprung up to arrest the onward advance of the Church. Hence we must send material help to aid the missionaries at the outposts and prepare their successors at home. We must capture and transform the forces of the new order and make them serve to diffuse the Gospel.

The Communists in a comparatively short time have effected a revolution as great as any known in history, with the exception of Christianity. They are conscious of the role of organization and have supreme confidence in their latent powers. That their objective—the world reign of Communism—is not wholly achieved is a constant spur to its accomplishment. Its members make no apology for their methods. They spend large sums of money on local and foreign propaganda and are ready to use force and violence if necessary to realize their aim.

Christianity has a world program and it behooves its members to be active in its spread. Unlike the Communists, its methods are peaceful, the law of charity and its application at home and abroad—in home, family and social life. Its success will depend on how its members understand the spirit of Christ and labor to make it operative.

The Church like Christ stands at the crossroads of the world and cries out to the generations as they come tramping down the avenues of time, "I am the Truth, the Way, the Life." It is the purpose of the missionary to help her spread these triple influences into those parts of the world that know not Christ and His eter-

nal promises. The objective of Mission Sunday, its noble and just ambition is to unite into one mighty force the prayers and material help of her scattered children. Our duty to share in this work is as imperative as the relief of temporal want. Is there not something lacking in a parish or an individual where the appeal for the missions meets with no response, creates no interest? The sense of real Catholicism and the consciousness of the duties it implies are conspicuous by their absence. There is a real deficiency that reveals a negative rather than a positive Christianity.

As children of light we should learn from people of this world how to organize, advertise, and advance our Faith. The Faith can be extended in a marvelous way if Catholics will only unite and drive conjointly. How sad to reflect that so many refuse to serve the missions, even by a casual donation. The question of the missions is one that should overlap the boundaries of dioceses and parishes and call for the cooperation of all the Catholic forces. The greatest need of the mission world today is the recruiting of spiritual forces at home and the wielding of our intellectual and material powers in this great work. Although mission activity is primarily the duty of the bishops and clergy, yet, it does not exempt the laity. Their participation and cooperation are essential to success.

Today in mission countries there is a great receptiveness for Catholic truth. Confucius called it "open-mindedness," "mental hospitality." It opens the door to truth by allowing ourselves to be convinced by the strength of argument and the weight of evidence.

If ever there has been a time when missionary aid is needed, it is now. The prince of this world has raised up his own emissaries, men and women who go about the world spreading the doctrine of hatred, poisoning primitive minds to resist the ambassadors of Christian love and branding their labors as inspired to exploit them by a capitalistic-minded class. Should we not send to far-off peoples heralds of the Christian brotherhood who will transplant no distinctive national

views or customs, but are bent only on imparting those eternal truths which will fit men for kinship with God? Valiant, unsung heroes, they labor to martyrdom for the standard of Christ. Their spirits upon us, let us second their efforts that through their intensified labors and ours, ever increasing numbers of black and brown and red and yellow men, may know and accept the redeeming love of Jesus Christ.

Each of us, irrespective of age, can contribute in a real and practical way to the spread of the Faith by the integrity and uprightness of our life in the little circle in which our life is cast. As no one does greater harm to the Faith of Christ



than a wavering or lukewarm Catholic, so nothing bears witness to our Faith's divinity like a genuinely Catholic life seen and felt in daily intercourse. Have we reflected on the penetrating conquering power of example as a means of extending the Kingdom of the Church—a means ready-at-hand which, like the waves of the incoming tide, break down prejudice and ignorance and leave understanding, mutual respect and conversion on their receding waters?

The greatest disadvantage to the work in the United States is not the unwillingness of people to hear the Gospel, for they are eager; it is the indifference of so many of our American Catholics, even their open oppo-

sition and unfriendliness to the missions. This attitude must be changed, for it is paralyzing so much that can be turned to account for God and souls. Take a world map and see just how much of it is Catholic. Can we look on with complacency when one-half the human race is still pagan? Catholics at home must strengthen their stakes and lengthen their cords if they are to fulfill their part in extending the Kingdom of Christ. Is this dream or reality? Christ visioned a universal conquest through love and it was no idle boast when He declared: "a little yeast shall leaven the whole" and left the leavening task to His followers. His dream will be realized when His Church, possessing His grace and impelled by His Spirit, shall go forth proclaiming to a waiting world the lifted Saviour Who shall draw men unto Himself.

When every agency of philanthropy and war relief appeals for funds to promote and develop its respective program, is there any reason why the earth-encompassing program of the Kingdom of Christ cannot be financed sufficiently to meet the extended opportunities in every land? I do not maintain that our present mission plans are not being financed after a fashion, but I am saying that our opportunities for advance in every field are restrained and restricted because of our parsimony. The wealth that we waste or use foolishly for worldly vanities should be turned into a working capital for the missions of the Church. Mission Sunday outlines our plans and accomplishments that our people may see with clear vision the needs and that these needs will challenge their greatest liberality. The Catholic people of America are generous. They support their schools, hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged, along with their parish churches. Their school system, built by the poor and middle-class Catholics, is the pride and glory of all Catholic achievement. Yet we could easily dispense with our frills and adornments, some of our comforts and dissipations and still live normal healthy lives and we could put the difference of millions of dollars into the program of world salvation through Christ.



## —And Forbid Them Not



H. C. McGinnis



**T**HE RELEASED time plan—sometimes called the Pittsburgh Plan—is taking a terrific pounding from its enemies these days. One is almost convinced there are large and powerful groups in this country who desire to see us a pagan nation. Although the plan has gained widespread recognition and has been put into effect in many communities, the opposition to it grows apace. Some of the objections are utterly ridiculous; some are highly inconsistent with the attitudes taken by the objectors on other matters; some are unique in their novelty.

Before going into these objections, let us briefly review the Pittsburgh Plan. Originated by Dr. Graham, superintendent of Pittsburgh public schools and admittedly one of the nation's foremost educators, it was first tried out in an experimental way in the Spring of 1940. The experiment promised considerable success and was heartily endorsed by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish pastors who had participated in it. In the Fall of 1940, the Plan became a part of the high school curriculum and June, 1941, saw the completion of the first year's operation.

Under the Plan religious instruction is an elective subject with credit towards graduation. To conform with the State law that no religious instruction shall be offered in public schools, all the work is done outside the school and through the religious denomination of the student's choice. A requirement of three hours weekly is made, the school giving up one hour of its regular time and the

student giving two hours of his own time. One of these hours must consist of attendance at some Sunday Church service, the student being required to attend church service on 75% of the Sundays during the school term. The other two hours are devoted to such instruction as the student's own pastor deems proper and the pastor's report on attendance and proficiency is accepted as final, there being no supervision over the type of study required by the local pastor.

**C**ERTAINLY there does not seem to be anything radical about this plan, nor does it appear to contain any hidden threats to the American way of life. On the contrary, it is intended to develop the true principles of Americanism and of that America which was constituted a nation "under God." With the nation's religious and secular leaders calling for a return to religion as our best defense against the forces seeking to destroy civilization, the Pittsburgh Plan is a constructive step toward that end. The importance of schools in a nation's course can not be under-estimated—as the schools go, so goes the nation. Every dictator has used his nation's schools to train the nation's youth in his ideology, and education is the propaganda center of every subversive activity.

Dr. Graham, as conscientious as he is brilliant, realized all too well that there is something lacking in public school education. He examined systems, textbooks, methods of teaching, and nearly everything else and while he did find many things which called loudly for correction, they

didn't seem to be the complete answer. Finally the answer came—public schools lack the religious training so vital in the shaping of a human life.

Dr. Graham wasn't any Christopher Columbus when he made this discovery, for Catholics in all walks of life have long contended that the lack of religion in education will bring the nation to a situation it would rather not face. But Dr. Graham is a man who battles for his convictions and he has a most definite conviction about the importance of religion in the life of the individual. But his plan has raised many objections.

One of the principal objections is that the Plan causes compulsory religious education. An article in the December-January, 1940-1941, issue of the *Protestant Digest* states: "Released time for religious education is coercive pressure for compelling the attendance of children at religious schools, thus making our public schools adjuncts of private religious groups." This is not a statement of fact.

**I**N THE first place, the Pittsburgh Plan offers the course as an elective. Not being a required subject, it occupies the same category as all other elective subjects. No student is discriminated against because he doesn't elect to take Science V and VI, or because he elects to study Spanish instead of French. No school official or instructor is permitted to urge or impel the taking of religious instruction, and there is no discrimination against the student who doesn't choose to take the course.

There is no instructor recruiting classes so that he may become indispensable to the teaching staff. There would be court actions galore, injunctions, lawsuits, and what have you, if public school officials ever attempted the slightest bit of coercive pressure in offering students the opportunity to receive school credits for religious training.

The next two objections are contradictory; but that doesn't seem to make any difference to their utterers, just so long as they are something to kick about. One is that the Plan tends towards regimentation, and the other is that it tends towards accentuating religious differences. Let us take the one on regimentation. This objection is obviously out of place to anyone who understands the Plan. The school erects no classes and no requirements for subject matter. Each student attends a class of his own choosing, preferably his own local church. However, if his home is too far from school or his local pastor is not offering a class, he may attend any other that he chooses. In this class, the pastor teaches what he thinks best and his certification that the student has completed the course to his satisfaction—not that of school officials—is all that is required for high school credit.

**T**HE CATHOLIC clergy are often accused of trying to regiment the thoughts and actions of their parishes in all matters, religious and secular. How far from the truth is the non-Catholic who believes that! To see how Catholic clergymen handle this Plan, let us take a look at Catholic arrangements for handling released time students in Pittsburgh.

During an interview with Father Thomas J. Quigley, Superintendent of Catholic Schools, Diocese of Pittsburgh, the writer was given a copy of the instructions sent to pastors affected by the released time system. Naturally Father Quigley and the Catholic School Board were heartily in favor of the innovation, for funds are not available for the erection of all the high schools necessary to serve the rapidly growing Catholic population, so that nearly 5000 Catholic high school students miss the religious instruction their par-

ents wish they could get as a part of their education. The released time system helps remedy this lack.

In a letter dated September 5, 1940, addressed to all Catholic pastors in the Pittsburgh district, Father Quigley set forth the procedure to be followed. Item number 7 states: "The course is elective. The Public school will not compel a child to take it." Item 8 states: "The course to be given in these classes is left to the discretion of the pastor. The enclosed outline is in the way of suggestions." Certainly no regimentation there! Protestant pastors conduct their classes according to their own ideas, no two being alike.

Those who object to the Pittsburgh Plan because it accentuates religious differences would undoubtedly be the first to howl if there was an attempt at religious regimentation. Religious differences exist, no matter whether or not a student attends religious instruction in connection with his school work. Students reporting to school one hour later on Wednesdays appear no different to their fellow students because they have just come from religious instruction instead of directly from home. Obviously religious differences will always exist in a State in which a State religion is not compulsory upon every one and a prime American principle is that enforced spiritual conformity is certain death to both religious and political liberty. This objection doesn't hold water, no matter from what angle it is considered. It is simply another case of straining at a gnat while swallowing a camel.

The objection most often heard is that the Plan is contrary to the principle of separation of Church and State. The question then comes up: What Church? Most arguments concerning separation of Church and State in this country are mistakenly directed against the Catholic Church. I say mistakenly, because, although most non-Catholics do not know it, the principle of complete separation of religious and secular authority was announced hundreds of years ago as Catholic doctrine. Cardinals Bellarmine and Suarez, St. Thomas Aquinas, Pope Innocent III and Leo XIII are only a

few of the long line of Catholics who have proclaimed Christ's teaching that the realm of Caesar belongs to Caesar and the realm of God to God. It was not the Catholic Church which worried the Founding Fathers, but the Established Church of England which had been the instrument of suppression of religious liberty to so many of the early colonists. But, no matter what particular church American patriots might be worried about in connection with a union of church and state, the released time system should not aggravate their fears. Since each student participating attends his home church, obviously no denomination gains at the expense of the others.

**W**HAT these objectors are really objecting to is a recognition of religion by the State. If these people mistakenly think they are exhibiting proper patriotism, let them read the Declaration of Independence and other State papers of the Founding Fathers to convince themselves that it was never their intention to divorce the State from religion, although they did not want a State Church, such as the Established Church of England, to be a subordinate department of the government. To insist upon a complete non-recognition of religion by the State is to deny the spiritual nature of man as well as to deny that the Creator has any interest in the world He created except when that world goes to church on Sunday. It is that attitude that is largely responsible for the multitudinous ills which afflict our nation today.

Most of the objections are of the destructive variety, never constructive. What workable plans do the objectors offer in its stead? Do they feel that secular education fills the human needs completely? Human experience from the very beginning of time shows that it doesn't. Non-Catholics are the objectors to this plan to round out the lives of the nation's youth, yet what do they offer to take its place? One writer in the *issue* of the *Protestant Digest* referred to above brightly announces that "there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. There is ample time for religious training every single day of the year

at times other than during school hours." This sounds patently true to those who either deny or else do not realize the necessity of bringing God into every relation of life, especially into something as vital and as far reaching as the daily education of the young. But, even if it were altogether true, what of it? According to recent census reports of church attendance in non-Catholic denominations, the falling off in the past quarter century has been extremely heavy. Since high school students as well as their parents must be among those who no longer affiliate themselves with religious activities, what suggestion have these objectors which would halt this trend? What have they to offer to those thousands of Protestant pastors who have sadly and reluctantly discontinued their weekly prayer-meetings because of lack of attendance and interest? What workable suggestions have they to offer to those pastors who have either discontinued their Sunday evening services or else replaced them with illustrated lectures of all kinds of subjects to secure an attendance worthy of the name? It must be admitted that the offering of school credits for the taking of religious instruction should not be necessary to bring the nation back to God, but it is at least bringing results not otherwise being obtained at the present time.

Catholics who are unfortunate in that their children can not attend Catholic schools are all for this system; for, as Father Quigley said in his circular letter to Pittsburgh diocesan pastors, "Credit or no credit, Catholics in public schools need religious training."

What training does Father Quig-

ley suggest be given to these Catholic students in public high schools? He and his associates have worked out a curriculum which was offered for the use of diocesan pastors conducting released-time classes. The suggested schedule covers the full four year period and is divided into two classifications for each year's work: (1) Dogma and moral; and (2) Church history.

**THE SUGGESTED** study for the first year in Dogma and Moral consists of a study of the Commandments and a Discussion Club technique dealing with specific problems of youth. Under Church history there is a study of the Life of Christ with special emphasis on the study of the four gospels, together with memorization and interpretation of texts.

During the second year, the pupil is instructed in "The Means of Grace: prayer, Sacraments, Sacramentals. Special emphasis on the Mass including an appreciation of the Liturgy." Under history, the suggested study includes Early History of the Church, and The Acts of the Apostles.

For the third year's instruction, the suggested outline contains: Apologetics—Existence and nature of God. Divinity of Christ; Institution of Church. Faith. For history, the history of the Reformation is studied.

The fourth year's instructions include modern problems of Catholics: Courtship; Marriage; Divorce; Birth Control; Entertainment; Reading; Particular obligations of lawyers, doctors, public officials, employers, etc. Also encyclicals of Popes in regard to citizenship and social justice, labor unions and so forth. For history—"Modern enemies of

the Church: Naturalism, Liberalism, Communism, State Socialism, Masonry, etc."

Father Quigley then suggests:

"Religion Outlines for Colleges" by John M. Cooper, Catholic Education Press, Washington, D. C., (4 Vol.) would be a splendid work in the hands of anyone appointed to conduct the classes.

"Textbooks would not always be necessary in the hands of the students. The teacher should insist on the students taking notes. The teacher should be supplied with any good Life of Christ, or History of the Church as a basis for his lectures.

"Where texts are felt necessary as an aid to the study of Dogma and Moral, the following are recommended:

*A Manual of Christian Doctrine*, (3 Vol.) by Richard W. Grace, published by Jos. F. Wagner, New York.

*Manual of Christian Doctrine* (1 vol.) by a Seminary Professor, published by La Salle Bureau, Brothers of the Christian Schools, 122 W. 77th St., New York.

"Especially recommended is *Studies in Religion for High School and Adult Groups* by Hilary R. Weger, published by W. H. Sadlier Co., New York. These may be had in booklet form or in loose leaf lessons to be distributed each week to the students. Write to the publisher and ask for a complete series of lessons. The price is very reasonable."

While the Pittsburgh Plan is far from a complete answer to the religious training so necessary in the lives of high school students, it is a great improvement upon that system which insists upon leading students to believe that God is little more than a Sunday ornament.



## Blood Upon the Leaves

As sped the train along the countryside  
I saw a trail of blood upon the leaves,  
For every sumac bush with red was dyed;  
On every rubescent leaf one sees  
This mute and tristful token left by God  
To move our hearts lest we forget perchance  
How Jesus purchased us upon the cross  
With Heart's blood emptied by a soldier's lance.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.





## MURDER INCORPORATED

*Martha Lee Forgy*

**I**F I WERE to put up my shingle, emulating the doctors, dentists and lawyers, it probably would bear the startling inscription, "MURDER, INCORPORATED."

Not that I am an arch-criminal in any sense of the word, but my work, of writing murder mysteries and detective stories, has to do with crimson death.

It is a strange work for a woman. Strange but fascinating. Arising with the dawn to drive over the highways on an assignment with my mother, who is my constant companion, to a far distant spot where another life has been snuffed out. Covering every detail of a new crime until another story is complete—That is my work!

Into Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee, not to mention native Hoosierdom, such assignments have taken us for a myriad of cases, each a concrete example of the trite but true saying that crime does not pay.

Into, one day, the picturesque little town of Pochontas, Arkansas, beside which Black River

drifts lazily, to investigate the case of Cora Hebner, who had been returned from Florida by authorities to face a charge of murdering her husband.

The Iron Woman they called her as, day after day, she had withstood questioning, maintaining her stolid silence, her face an inscrutable mask, revealing no emotion, no remorse, acknowledging nothing.

I waited in the yard of the tiny red brick jail for Sheriff John Thompson to bring her down from an upper cell for a photograph, and finally, with the grating of the key in the lock, a heavy barred door swung wide and a ponderous, gray-haired woman shuffled out to meet me.

Gone was the well-groomed smartness that had marked her appearance at the time of her arrest, but she still wore an air of nonchalance and her cold blue eyes held hostility as they swept me from head to foot.

Presently, though, we began to talk, avoiding mention of the murder and the forthcoming trial,



and her hostile bitterness gave way to graciousness as she continued to pose for pictures. Into her eyes gradually crept a strange, unfathomable expression but they were less hard and cold as, saying goodbye, she signified her readiness to return to her cell.

Upstairs, dropping onto her bunk, surprisingly enough, she burst into tears.

More than one hundred hours she had withstood the officials' grilling without apparent feeling. Unyielding indifference had marked her every move and Sheriff Thompson regarded her incredulously. This was her first show of real emotion.

"I'm going to tell you all about it," she promised tremulously. "Just give me a little time."

But the aged woman never confessed the details of the slaying. Suddenly she seemed to have fully realized the futility of her life, the wasted youth from which she could have launched an upright, worthwhile existence, facing, at its end, not the gallows but the security of a beautiful, peaceful sunset.

And, one week later, as the story of Cora Hebner and the especially posed photographs were on their way to New York, they found her inert body on the bunk. She had swallowed the poison she had cleverly secreted in the hem of her skirt.

Two young women, Beulah Honeycutt and Jean Brooks, tiring of the monotony of the sleepy Tennessee town of Elizabethton, three years ago set out together on a hitch-hiking tour in search of adventure.

They thumbed their way through the great southwest, leisurely enjoying the life of Riley, thence to the northern lake country, their spirit of boldness growing with the adventure until at last they decided it would give them an opportunity for even greater freedom if they could travel in their own car, with plenty of cash to spend.

They planned to rob, of his wallet and his car, the next motorist giving them a lift. They met him, an Illinois farmer, at Princeton, Indiana, and their plotting ended with the death of well-meaning Felix Shannon.

Shortly before they faced trial I visited the thin, auburn-haired Jean Brooks and the dark-eyed brunette Beulah Honeycutt in their cells in the Wayne county jail at Fairfield, Illinois.

"If we could just turn back time to the day when Beulah and I determined to leave our homes in Tennessee. If we had never started out on the road we called adventure, none of this would ever have happened," Jean Brooks admitted bitterly.

"Now we face—who can tell?"

Beulah Honeycutt, who had fired the shot that

ended the farmer's life, sat dejectedly in the dark, narrow steel cubicle. At her companion's words a worried frown deepened on her forehead and she shuddered ever so slightly.

A few days later she was sentenced to ninety-nine years in a woman's prison while Jean Brooks, her co-searcher for thrilling adventure and accomplice in crime, was given thirty years.

Gerald Thompson, tall, curly-haired beau brummel of Peoria, Illinois, coming to the crossroads of life and death in the electric chair for the merciless slaying of beautiful Mildred Hallmark, learned fully of the futility of wasted living, too.

On Sunday morning, July 16, 1935, Mildred had entered St. Mary's Cathedral. Little had she thought as she dipped her fingers into the font, crossed herself and knelt prayerfully, fingering her rosary, that grimmest tragedy was lurking not far away and that three mornings later she would lie within the impressive cathedral, the same rosary twined about her cold, waxen fingers in death.

There was peace upon the still features of his victim but there was stark terror on the face of young Thompson as he sat manacled in the courtroom, hearing the jury's verdict and the grim tone of the judge as he sentenced him to death.

Such stories are endless and they are increasing



Gerald Thompson, slayer of Mildred Hallmark, Peoria, Illinois, went to death in the electric chair less than three months after his crime.

with alarming rapidity. For today crime continues to increase in the United States.

There is a murder perpetrated every forty-four minutes, and a major felony every twenty-one seconds. And this in spite of the fact that each year a sum large enough to run the federal government in normal times for four years is expended on crime.

Many of us who abide in the sheltered security of homes of religious and moral soundness are prone to pay little heed to the situation and yet it is a problem of vital importance to us all, threatening the youth of our nation.

Particularly our youth, for today, according to FBI reports, nearly twenty percent of the crime perpetrated in our forty-eight states is the work of girls and boys who have not yet reached the voting age.

And of special significance is the fact that at least seventy-five percent of the juveniles come from broken homes. Nine out of ten, as children, have been started off in the wrong direction, deprived of the sympathy, love, understanding and guidance of congenial, attentive parents; denied, through divorce, a mother and father concerned over their future, aiding them through formative years to live up to a high standard of ideals, to a religious and moral code.

Investigation has also shown a complete lack of contact with church and character building institutions in most cases, and frequently an equal lack of education.

When, then, at the average age of nineteen years, these boys and girls become "numbers" in a state penitentiary they have become what their youth decreed they would become, the victims of broken, inharmonious homelife.

John Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, carried much the same thought to Father Flanagan's boys recently when he spoke at the commencement exercises at Boys Town.

Paying tribute to the highly successful enterprise which has developed from a simple idea in the mind of a priest who concerned himself over youth to a national institution respected and honored from coast to coast, Director Hoover said, "We have come to visualize Boys Town as a beacon, radiating the light of new hope to the nation's youth. In this haven of Christian ideals, youth is inspired to achievement. Here the great American tradition of opportunity for all is manifest and exemplified."

Today we need many such beacons.

"People commit crime because they lack moral responsibility. We have youth committing crime because their spiritual growth has been stifled," Mr. Hoover pointed out. "We have youth in crime because we have failed to provide youth with proper upbringing and outlets for energy. Only in the rarest instances of diseased minds can we say that the first offender commits crimes out of sheer anti-social sentiments. Children are driven to crime because of deep-laid faults in society such as poverty, degeneracy, parental neglect and lack of religious training.

"I believe that a prime factor in the disregard by youth for law lies in an equal or greater disrespect for law and order on the part of the adults of our generation. I insist that no youth ever developed an heroic ideal that was not first centered about some adult. When the youngster begins to show disrespect for law and order, you can be sure he learned something of that attitude at home, or he was not taught to recognize right from wrong so that he could make his own decisions."

Speaking of the prevailing condition of one-fifth of our criminal offenses being performed by our youth, Director Hoover told Father Flanagan's boys, "This means that nearly one-fifth of all murders, arson, thievery, robbery and other outrages against our laws are committed by persons of immature bodies and immature minds—and certainly this condition falls tragically short of the ideal of American citizenship. It is not a pleasant picture, nor a healthy outlook. It becomes incumbent upon all of us, therefore, to recognize and admit the causes for such scandalous conditions and, reaching beyond, to seek the means by which they may be remedied."

Mr. Hoover's suggestion to the citizens of Boys Town as to individual effort in building a crime-free America, I think, should embrace us all.

"Keep yourselves physically strong, mentally pure, and morally straight.

"Every youth you teach to hate crime is a victory. Every person you can interest in a desire for clean politics, good government, honest administration of justice, is indeed worthy of a citation of bravery and fidelity in action.

"This struggle for the right can be won by the building of a great fortress—a national mental attitude which will instinctively hate crime and every element which fosters it.

"Remember this, what you think today will guide our nation tomorrow! There can be no greater achievement than to build for the happiness and moral safety of the future."



Illustrated by Pierre Juzet

# The Jester's Prayer

Aimée Torriani

Synopsis of Chapter One: On a sad Christmas Eve, 1222, Raimonde, sole heiress of the House of Anresson, lay mortally ill in the castle of her father. Favaric, the Court Jester and a Troubadour, knelt beside her bed and whispered to her the legend of "The Miracle of the Eve of Noel." A very young child, a stranger to the castle, followed Favaric into the sick-room and presented Raimonde with a spotless white dove. After the visit the child fell into a restful sleep, and Favaric retired to the chapel, where the Bishop of Rennes was praying silently for the restoration of the little heiress and the perpetuation of the name of Anresson. The jester's prayer, however, was quite different. He asked that hers be an unusual life—apart from men, and that her mission be one of music and peace to the world.

## CHAPTER II

### ESCAPE

FROM THAT Eve of Noel, until the child Raimonde was eleven years old, life moved on at the castle drearily. Had it not been for Favaric, his songs, verses, games and magic, Raimonde's life would, at best have been hopelessly dull.

Now and then the Jester would disappear and remain absent from the castle for several weeks at a time. On these occasions Raimonde would miss the companionship of Favaric so desperately, that she would go pitifully from one Squire to another,

and to the Ladies-in-waiting, with her questions. "When dost thou think that the Jester will return? Thinkest thou that he might be lost? How I wish he might tell me stories of the troubadours. Maybe some day singing troubadours will come to our castle."

"Hush, Raimonde! Never let thy father hear thee say such a thing!" one Lady-in-waiting replied. "Dost thou not know, child, that thy father does not like these singing troubadours and jugglers? They are not welcome at the castle of Anresson."

Raimonde knew that there was some great mystery about her father's sister, the Lady Lenore, whom she had not seen, nor heard from, since that Christmas Eve five years ago.

Nothing else had been explained to her by the Lady-in-waiting, and Raimonde had become tired of asking questions which no one except Favaric ever took the trouble to answer.

However, when Favaric did return from this journey, he confided to Raimonde that he had been away with the troubadours. He told her that he had brought back with him many new songs and tricks to entertain those dwelling at the castle, but for her very own amusement he had some special games and melodies in which no one else would participate.

The Lord Jean, who was feeble and sick these days, would sit in a large arm chair by the open grate, whilst enormous logs burned to keep him warm. Often at such times Raimonde would sing to her father the songs which Favaric taught her.

It was a cold, clear day in late November that Raimonde's song was interrupted by Favaric's abrupt entrance. With great horror in his voice he shouted breathlessly, "My good Lord Jean of the Kingdom of Anresson, thy enemy from the coast, the young conqueror of Valmondroids, has reached your castle gates! Raimonde they plan to banish to Italy! I have just overheard two soldiers discussing it...."

"Your squires, guards and soldiers do not want you to know this, my Lord Jean, for they are no longer with you. They now worship this young warrior and to a man are ready to follow him into whatever wars he may lead them. They plan to give you up to the enemy, not because they hate you—for long they have shared with you all your possessions—but the glamor of your days of conquest has passed, and now they are ready to follow the next conqueror!... Thus have men ever betrayed one another!..."

Favaric paused and Raimonde made a gesture that she had something to say.

"Speak not now, my child, for time is short; and

thy father is not strong enough to walk. We must lay our plans. We have one faithful friend, Gaspard, the chief steward, loyal to you Sire, and well he loves the child Raimonde. We can trust him; he awaits us now at the chapel door. By his side is a strong horse, well-saddled, for us to use for our escape. Come Sire, let me help you to escape."

The Lord Jean drew Favaric so close to him and spoke these words so softly, that Raimonde had to stand on tiptoe to catch what he was saying.

"Strange, is it not, kind Fool, how the aggressor is always the strong, preying upon the weak? I, too, once seized lands and castles. Many times have I wrought horrible bloodshed and death upon an unprepared people! Too often have I persecuted those against whom I held some personal grievance! Well dost thou know that because my sister Lenore married a troubadour, of whom I disapproved, have I his death and her loss of mind upon my soul!"

The Jester bowed his head, saying; "God have mercy on his soul!"

The Lord Jean heeded him not, but proceeded in a hoarse, low voice: "Life is sowing and reaping; what I have sown, I now reap. You, wise Fool, with your mockery and song, have sown a happier reaping. I, like so many, found life dull, and warfare, and conquest persecution an outlet. If only some substitute...but come! I prattle on while





mine enemies are close at hand! Take Raimonde with you."

The Lord Jean paused and out of the pocket in his loose robe took a bag made of strong leather; handing it to Favaric he said, "Take this bag of gold coins, for you will have great need of them. Follow the main roadway to Orléans, between this city and Blois, and you will soon pass the Cloister Des Fleurs."

"I know the road and the convent full well," interrupted the Jester.

"That is good," continued the Lord Jean, "for the holy nuns there are kind women. They will care for Raimonde.... I would rather she live safely and at peace with the sisters, than that she be taken by this bloodthirsty young warrior, Hugh of Valmondrois. Leave me to die by his sword, but save my daughter, I do beseech thee! I trust you, wise and noble Jester! Tell no one who she is. Leave her at the convent without comment, and with the gold that remains, go far off to safety. God speed!"

Two squires entered the room at this moment, and the Lord Jean drew himself up with great dignity as he gave his orders; "Let my daughter pass with the Jester. You remain with me until mine enemies reach me."

As Favaric rushed Raimonde from the room, she called back to her father, "I cannot leave thee to die alone! Please, Favaric, let me remain with my father!"

"It is thy father's wish," the Jester said firmly, while lifting Raimonde up in his long, strong arms. He stopped for a second to take a large, warm rug from the refectory floor. In this he wrapped Raimonde.

Favaric hurried through the scullery and past the kitchens into the courtyard where Gaspard waited for him. The Jester genuflected in front of the chapel door, still holding the bundle which contained his precious charge. After his short prayer, he motioned to Gaspard to help him.

Long accustomed to riding with the troubadours, and because of his stature and unusual strength, Favaric was always chosen to carry the costumes and contraptions used by the jugglers. These they would put in a large bundle which they strapped to his waist, whilst the Jester rode for many hours with this load on his back. The same procedure he now used with the rug holding Raimonde. Without unnecessary words to Gaspard, swiftly Favaric rode away.

On and on they went, as fast as the mighty horse would go. The Jester's crooked body and his humped back ached from the weight of carrying

Raimonde. Trying to ride at such speed and yet hold Raimonde safely was not an easy task.

Often, while they were galloping toward the castle gates, Raimonde's smothered cries were heard. But Favaric realized there was only one course to pursue, flight. Delay would mean death to them both! Perhaps even now they were too late.

"Favaric, dear, kind Friend! I must breathe! I am suffocating," Raimonde was crying.

Favaric heeded her not. Actual warfare had started. When they reached the castle gates, two soldiers swung their swords before Favaric's horse and they were just about to seize the robe which held the child Raimonde, when a command echoed through the air, "On to the castle, every man!"

In their haste to obey orders, the soldiers whirled their horses about with such speed that Favaric and Raimonde were thrown to the ground. The child slipped out of the rug, falling heavily on a sharp rock which gashed a severe wound across the back of her head.

The wiry, strong Favaric picked himself up rapidly. Used to tumbling, and with the speed of magic at his command, he soon had the girl wrapped in the rug, thrown over the saddle and strapped on his back again. "Art thou safe, child? Answer me, if thou canst!"

There was no answer. The Jester knew well he must not stop now. His only chance of escape was to continue far beyond the castle grounds. Although the command had been given for every man to be at the castle, there were still many soldiers along the roadway, driving the peasants into the fields, so that none might escape.

The peasants knew well the Court Jester, for oft had they listened to his tales and watched his antics. When they saw him on horseback, making his escape, they called to the soldiers, "Let the fool pass!"

"Bother not the Jester; he is of small consequence. Give the poor fool his freedom!"

The soldiers, much occupied with the peasants, and because Favaric laughed foolishly and shouted jests at them, let him pass unmolested.

"To the fool in me," Favaric muttered to himself, "I say thou hast oft served me well."

It seemed hours to Favaric before he sensed the stillness of the forest's edge. He must now look at Raimonde.

The deep, quiet faith that was as much a part of him as were his features did not fail the Jester at this hour. After tenderly placing the rug in which Raimonde was held, on a mound of leaves, Favaric knelt reverently beside it and prayed.

"Child of Noel, spare her life, as once before Thou didst. For this and all Thy blessings, I do thank Thee! Amen."

As he opened his eyes, a white dove hopped from out the cluster of brown leaves and flew swiftly into the twilight of the forest.

Yet, when he lifted the robe from about Raimonde's bruised and bleeding head, he could think of naught but that the child was dead.

A clear, cold stream flowed close by, and with its waters Favaric bathed her wounds, and with strips of cloth, which he tore from the clothes she wore, he bound them. Raimonde neither moved nor uttered a sound, yet Favaric could see that the breath of life was still stirring in her worn and weary little body.

The Jester, too, collapsed from the strain of the ride and their flight for life. He lay down and slept.

For days in bleak and cold November, on into the first clear, icy days of December, Favaric continued the journey, riding as many hours a day as his horse could bear up, stopping only whenever they reached a peasant's hut or a shepherd's stable, anywhere that he could beg or buy shelter and food for Raimonde.

In spite of the hardships and deprivations, his cracked body stood well the strain.

"I am Our Lady's Juggler. I am a troubadour of God." He would sing over and over, as they rode on and on and on.

Raimonde gradually slept less, and showed signs of returning strength. She would sit straight up on the horse for several hours, then slump down, fast asleep. Favaric would continue riding, holding her with one hand and reigning the horse with the other.

When Raimonde did start speaking a little, the Jester saw plainly that she was a completely changed child. She remembered nothing of the castle, nor of her surroundings during those early years of her life. She had forgotten Favaric's name and her own. No matter how many times he would tell her their names, she would ask again and again, "What do I call thee friend?" and "What dost thou call me?"

With infinite patience, Favaric answered these same questions countless times.

The roads through that part of France were well known to the Jester, as he had told Raimonde's father. Often, with the troubadours, he had taken the very same paths and roadways which led past the Cloister Des Fleurs. He knew that Raimonde must reach the safety and warmth of this convent before the snow fell, if her life was to be saved.

It was now two weeks before Christmas and the tingle of snow filled the air. Favaric, was forced to seek shelter in the hut of a shepherd, a feeble old man whose ears and eyes were both failing. After feeling Favaric and Raimonde with his long, boney hands, and after closely scrutinizing them, in a trembling voice he said, "You are the second visitors I have had within the past few days. Many a time and oft, I go well nigh a year without so much as a single wayfarer passing my humble hut. Two men, they were soldiers, seeking a Court Jester with a hump on his back, and a girl child. In sooth, you are the ones they seek, if I can trust my sense of touch."

"Did they not say what they wanted with us?" Favaric shouted in the old man's ear.

"That they did, and plainly too," answered the shepherd. "They said the girl child was the sole heir to the rich lands of Anresson, and that the Lord Hugh of Valmondroids had killed her father."

The old shepherd paused. Favaric went over to the broken down bench where Raimonde was resting. He wondered if hearing that her father was dead, might bring back her memory. But he need not have questioned, even in his own mind, for the child was again fast asleep, unconscious of all that was going on about her.

The shepherd continued his story.

"The great Hugh of Valmondroids, the most talked of young warrior in all of France, is now in possession of this child's rightful heritage, for as I said before, the old Lord Jean of Anresson died of a sword thrust, soon after you both took flight."

"Do you think they knew of our whereabouts?" the Jester asked the shepherd.

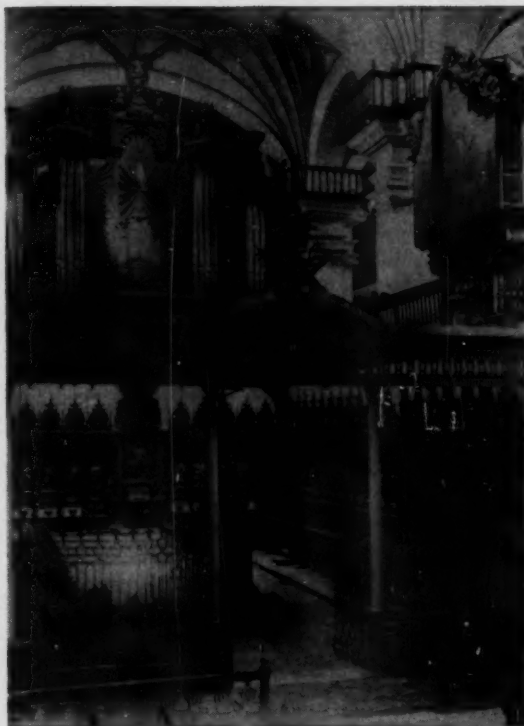
"Indeed not. They believed you both to be dead of exposure and cold. They rather hoped you were; they showed little interest in finding you. They bade me good-bye, saying they were off to great feasting and festivities in a nearby kingdom."

Favaric knew not just how much faith to put in this tale of the old shepherd. But it gave an even greater impetus to his desire of reaching the protection of the convent for the child Raimonde. Yet, he dared not speed his horse more than he had. The animal, though a strong and willing beast, was now showing signs of great fatigue. Raimonde looked frail and worn, and he feared each time she went to sleep she might not awaken.

After a week of rest and vigilant care, tendered them by the old shepherd, both Raimonde and Favaric showed signs of gaining in health and strength. They drank freely of rich goat's milk, and also partook of a brew of healing and strength-

(Continued on page 204)

# The Gold Myth of Cocos Island



Inside view of the Cathedral at Lima.—Showing a part of the cathedral where many priceless relics, invaluable gold and silver ornaments of religious antiquity dating back to the Sixteenth Century still remain—treasures of the magnificent old institution which have never been either sacked, filched or “looted” in all their history.



Altar in the Cathedral of Lima.—Showing, as evidence and substantiated proof, the statue of the “Golden Virgin” still standing on its silver pedestal—the very same statue reputedly “looted” from the altar and buried beneath the sands of Cocos Island, and which thousands of treasure seekers have spent millions of dollars to locate where it was not.

## Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg

*With the “trade” of the United States cruisers to Britain for leases on Caribbean islands to be used as bases of defense in the Atlantic, and the further plans of obtaining additional islands on the Pacific to guard the Panama Canal, the islands of Galapagos and the far-famed “treasure isle” of Cocos are being now considered as possible additional acquisitions for like purchase by the United States.*

**C**OCOS ISLAND has been a lodestar for treasure seekers for nearly one hundred years.

English lords and dukes, wealthy American playboys, Hollywood stars and producers, hard-boiled heads of New England business corporations, famous figures in the political life of several nations, a world-famed speed king and untold lesser personalities, have all been the victims of a wild and fanciful story that had been originally spun without

reason out of a distorted, disordered and too-imaginative mind.

And, as evidence of how popular this apparently endless quest has become, more than four hundred properly and costly financed expeditions have attempted to find this treasure which does not exist!

And this continual search has been going on throughout nearly a century, yet the search is continually finding new volunteers—all seeking the



"supposedly" buried "Loot of Lima."

The fable of the vast treasure on Cocos Island was first begun in 1841 when one Captain William Thompson told a tale—a tale reading like the opening of a dime novel to the effect that, to wit: while Chile and Peru were at war in the early 1800's, the Peruvians were in a frenzy of despair for fear that the Chilean invaders might seize the riches of their extremely wealthy Catholic cathedral in Lima, especially the famous golden statue of the "Golden Virgin."

So Thompson offered to take these treasures on board his empty brig, the *Mary Dier*, then in the harbor of Callao waiting to receive a cargo and thus under the protection of the British flag so they would be safe until after the hostilities.

According to Captain Thompson's tale, the cathedral was stripped of all its gold and silver ornaments and the "Golden Virgin" statue, which were loaded on board his craft which the Peruvian officials had chartered for the occasion to protect them from their enemies. But Thompson, at the first opportunity, weighed anchor, put out to sea and hi-jacked the Peruvian treasure! He sailed northward toward Panama, and enroute, stopped at Cocos Island where he claimed he buried the treasure for his own safe-keeping.

Thus was the original lighting of a fire in the public imagination that has never, since that day, died. In fact it seems to have flared more brightly with each passing year. Yet Thompson, himself, in after years was proven to have been a fugitive from justice.

Since then, this story has been told and retold, and more or less embellished as time passed, but this original tale has caused expedition after expedition to sink millions of dollars in supplies and equipment to search for this "supposedly" pirated wealth of the Lima Cathedral on Cocos Island.

Yet, to date, the only treasure ever found on the island was a gold doubloon bearing the impression of Charles III of Spain and dated 1788, possibly lost by some pirate in the early days when the island was used as a watering-place by the renegades of the Pacific.

This find was made by an aged recluse, one August Gissler, who spent twenty years on Cocos Island searching for the mythical fabulous hoard of buried Peruvian treasure. It was the only treasure ever found on Cocos Island, and the only treasure that ever will be found there.

Cocos Island today is pitted and scarred like a battlefield. There is hardly a square foot of earth that hasn't, at some time or other, felt the bite of pick and spade; it has been scoured from tip to tip,

endless spading into the brown belly of the earth until it has been laid bare and the hard bed-rock showing in hundreds of places—yet no one has come anywhere near disclosing the "Loot of Lima."

And the reason they have not is that the "Loot of Lima" is but a golden myth!

Yet on all sides of the island are seen the relics and remnants of a century of tragic hopefulness: rain-filled pits, rusted spades, picks and shovels, the rotting remains of huts, supply boxes, broken equipment and half-filled caves—and seeing these a feeling of despair seems to rise out of the very earth, for hardly an unmarked patch of ground remains.

A small, swift stream rushes through a narrow ravine and spreads in a broad shallow across the beach at Chatham Bay, and on the barren boulders that rest in their shallow water may be seen the carved records of ships uncounted that once anchored off these deceptive shores.

The oldest of these inscriptions appear as though they might have been written in invisible ink, for at low tide they are indecipherable on the sun dried rocks; but when the waters rise and wet the stony surfaces, letters and dates evolve as though by magic—like a picture materializing in a clear crystal. They are the records of people and ships, the histories and experiences of these people who had come from all over the world and who had poured out millions of dollars in attempting to find a treasure which—alas—had never been hidden on Cocos Island!

I copied pages of these inscriptions of people and ships. A few of them were: J. Maria, ZELEDON, Julio 22, 1879—BARK Java, Nov. 14/56—HENRY HALL of LONDON—MARIPOSA 1:6 Px 1871 x 1870—SHIP INDIENCHIEF of NEW LONDON, 1848—Brick des Mt. le GENIE, Comm. PML Cte de GUEYDON I Nov. 1846—FRANCIS L. STEEL, Mar. 28, 1854.

It was most fascinating to try to reconstruct the histories and experiences of these people who had come from all over the world to pour out their tangible wealth for that which did not exist. One name, however, which does not appear on these rocks is that of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous English automobile speed king, who invested more than \$100,000 a few years ago in excavating this barren land in the search for the mythical riches.

As time passed, the treasure's value has "jumped" from \$12,000,000, along with the "Golden Virgin" and other religious statues from the Lima Cathedral, until today the three recent expeditions—each of which have returned failures—listed it at \$60,000,000!



With the latest and most recent expedition returning to California on April 7, "*happy and lootless*," the dream was ended, for them at least. Their cycle of hope and work and failure had followed just the same course as that of the hundreds of hopeful expeditions that had preceded them. There could be no other conclusion—no matter how many charts or scientists or the tons of expensive machinery equipment which they had taken with them. They told the reporters a hopeful but disillusioned story:

"We excavated at the point where the chart, owned by J. A. Forbes of Riverside, a member of the expedition, showed the treasure should be. After going down fifteen feet we reached bed rock. We enlarged the excavation until it was almost sixty feet long, moving boulders that weighed two to six tons each. After three weeks of this we decided this was just another unsuccessful Cocos expedition!"

And to further substantiate proof that these unnumbered seekers of the "Loot of Lima," and the hundreds of ships which sailed from the ports of the world in its search, has been a useless quest, the following statement furnished by the British vice-consul at Lima, A. Stanley Fordham, speaks for itself, as do the photographs which I, personally, obtained after having made a like expedition to Cocos Island.

"With reference to your letter regarding the Cocos Island treasure, I regret to inform you that although various persons have been consulted, including the head of the National Library, who is possibly the best informed authority on Peruvian history, it has not been possible to obtain any confirmation for the stories which connect this treasure with Lima."

In other words, no matter what research is made, Captain William Thompson's story, used in 1841 to mulct the public, cannot possibly be verified, not even by a search of records which have been in continuous existence from centuries before he claimed to have pirated the Peruvian treasures. Not only that, but the prize pieces of the so-called "Loot of Lima" still remain on their pedestal in the Lima Cathedral, in Lima, Peru—where I, on my investigational visit, photographed them!

I learned this in this manner. Shortly after I took leave of Cocos Island I sailed for Manta Bay, off Peru, where I was fortunate enough in meeting with few obstacles in bringing up from the ocean's depths close to \$15,000 in gold and silver from the hulk which I had set out to find. My quest successful, I left Manta Bay and went directly to Lima, Peru. The famous Catholic cathedral which had

been supposedly sacked somewhere between 1816 and 1822 by the Chileans was still standing, and I wanted to have a real good look at it. I wanted to go inside the celebrated edifice and see with my own eyes the place from which the treasures had been stripped and sent to Callao, and there admittedly snatched by William Thompson, the mysterious stranger who started this ball a-rolling. I wanted to get a little more information about the "*Golden Virgin*" which had been the most valuable and beautiful piece in the entire haul.

A black-robed priest met me as I entered the gloomy cathedral, and I told him I was interested in hearing about the "*Golden Virgin*."

"*The Golden Virgin*, señor?" he asked. "Si, come with me."

I thought he was leading me to an office where we might have a quiet talk. I followed him. Suddenly he stopped. "There, señor," he said, "there is the *Golden Virgin*!"

Startled, I looked up, and there in a niche above a magnificent central altar, lighted by the flickering brilliance of candles, stood the golden figure of the long-worshipped *Madonna*!

"But I thought this statue had been stolen," I said.

"No, señor, never has it left this place—never as long as the Cathedral has stood!"

I looked again.

There was the "*Golden Virgin*" all right, and surrounding her in the background were the "*Twelve Golden Apostles*"—which also had been a part of Thompson's imaginary loot. I turned to the priest again. I tried to make him understand about the Cocos Island treasure, but he only smiled and shook his head and continued to insist that none of the statues nor the other treasures had ever left the Cathedral.

Well, with that final substantiation by the priest of the Lima Cathedral itself, it convinced me that the Cocos Island story of the vast treasure hoard was the myth of a deranged imagination—a hoax that has lured thousands of treasure seekers to invest millions of dollars in false hopes.

The Golden Myth dies hard, and at the present moment, shows no signs of weakening its hold on the imaginations of its converts and victims.

Perhaps, even today, the ghost of old August Gissler, the aged hermit treasure-seeker now long dead, still walks the scarred and gutted terrain of the famed Cocos Island, striding along the shores of Chatham and Wafer bays, tugging with big-knuckled, phantom fingers at his ghostly beard and gazing seaward, where the latest treasure-seekers sail eagerly toward the island's shores.

**S**UNDAY, May 25, 1941, will long be remembered by forty men at the State Prison of Southern Michigan, for on that day they received the Sacrament of Confirmation.

His Excellency Bishop Joseph Albers, D.D., J.C.D., of the Lansing Diocese administered the rites, assisted by the Reverend Fathers Stouter, Cahil, Dougherty, and Harrison. Two inmates acted as Altar boys.

I, the writer, while a Protestant by faith, have sung in the prison Catholic choir for years and I was in the audience when His Excellency entered the Chapel. Although not a part of the service proper, I felt a lifting of the inner being as His Excellency halted several times to bless the assembled men. He entered through the front portals of the Chapel building, bestowing blessings on the assembled men as he moved slowly toward the altar.

In trying to ascertain why some of the men were taking confirmation so late in life, I contacted many of them. Some I knew personally and quite a number of them have graciously given me permission to use the ensuing conversation. I will cite some of their reasons.

Andrew Gornick, now twenty-four years old, entered prison when he was twenty-two years old. His father died in 1936. Both parents were Catholics and he can not give any reason why he was not confirmed earlier. When asked how he felt, now that he had been confirmed, he replied, "I am going to try and live a better and more worthwhile life and try in a small measure to make up for my former acts."

Here is a man that had the opportunity, but did not take advantage of it.

Another did not have the same chance. His name is Philip Rahhal; he is twenty-five years of age and has been in prison for a little over one year. His father died when he was two years old and his mother abandoned him shortly afterward. His aunt brought him up, but early in life he met with reverses. At the age of nine he was placed in the Northville Training School for boys and stayed there until he was fifteen years old. There was a Catechism class at the school and Philip attended, but did not get overly enthused about it. At the age of twenty-one he married a beautiful girl who now resides with her mother, awaiting his release.

When asked how he felt about being confirmed, he replied, "I am very happy about the whole thing and realize now that I missed too much in the life I was leading. My only hope now is that I can persuade my wife to follow the course I have taken; then my life would be complete."

## CONFIRMATION



Bishop Albers Confirming

## BEHIND GREY

Richard Skinner

The next man talked with was thirty-four years old. His name was Samuel Smith, and he entered prison at the age of twenty-seven with a life term. I shall put his reply in his own words.

"My parents were of different denominations. Father was a Baptist and mother a Methodist. Mother is now an ordained Minister in the Methodist church. I have always had a more or less leaning towards the Catholic Church, because all the kids in my neighborhood were Catholics. It has always seemed to me the other churches tell you what to do, rather than do it themselves and set an example for others to follow.

"My feelings about being confirmed? Well, I

# FORMATION



o All Confirming

## GREY WALLS

ard Skinner

think it is the greatest thing that ever happened to me and I have only sorrow for the misguided ones who are living under any other belief. In the past seven years, I have not received one mark against my record and I attribute this entirely to the help and guidance of Father Keegan, Father Savage, Father Dougherty, Father Cahil, and Father Stouter. They have done everything in their power to help me. Father Savage baptized me and from that moment I have lived an entirely different life. I have gone to confession at least twice a month and have received Communion each Sunday."

The next man I talked with was Herman Faubert,

a man whom I have known for some time and respect a great deal. His answer I think should be in his own words also.

"I knew Christ, or rather about Him from my mother. I was born a Catholic, but I attended church rather through force of habit. If I had only given it some thought, I would have been confirmed earlier. Still, at the time when I should have been confirmed, father took me out to the farm to help him. That was during the world war and Dad was short of help. Most of my education from then on was in the little rural school, where I could miss quite often. When they would check up on my absence, Dad would say that I was in town with mother; then I would attend school for a few days until the work piled up and Dad would have me stay home to help. That went on for a couple of years until I was old enough to quit school entirely. I never thought much about confirmation, but had I known half the feeling it would bring, I would have taken it years ago. Now I feel equal to any task. I feel clean, inside and out, and to think I didn't know this was possible until I came to prison. I only wish there was some way that all children could be sure of being taught about the great truth I have at last found."

These are only a few of the men, but their attitude is a fair example of the others that I talked with.

On that, never to be forgotten, Sunday morning, they sat by themselves in the front of the chapel, together with their sponsors.

After the High Mass, which was sung by Reverend Father Stouter, His Excellency, Bishop Albers turned to the men and admonished them to lead better lives, praying that they might be filled with the Holy Ghost, Wisdom and Grace.

At a sign from Reverend Father Stouter, twelve of the men got up from their seats and filed to the altar with their sponsors. They knelt in a semi-circle before the altar and as His Excellency finished with them and moved on down the row, they held their position until he reached the seventh one, then the first six arose and marched away from the altar and six more immediately took their places.

The Service was closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, nearly three hours having been consumed.

What a wonderful thing it is, that at this time when other countries abroad are fighting for liberty and life, that the Church, here in free America, has time to think of another kind of fight and the courage to carry on that fight, even to going behind prison bars to save souls.

# LET'S COLLECT INSECTS!

Leslie E. Dunkin

**L**ET'S COLLECT insects!—Why not? We collect almost everything else. What boy is there who has not made a collection of badges and pins? What girl is there who has not made a collection of paper-dolls? Some women or girls enjoy making a collection of certain pieces of dishes. Some men or boys spend much time with their varied groups of airplane, ship or train models or toys. Some men have spent hundreds of dollars improving their miniature electric railroad system. Who has not heard of the popularity of stamp collections? President Franklin D. Roosevelt is a stamp enthusiast. So why not collect insects?

Some collections are made merely for the fun of it. Some are the result of a person's interest in these objects. Some people have a historical bent to their interests. For such individuals, making a collection of some particular kind of objects is largely their effort to satisfy their desire to delve into history. Their group speaks out to them, showing a historical development. Some collections prove to be a profitable pastime. Many a collection of stamps has been worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Most collections are made because of personal pleasure or profit. Possibly this has been the reason why not so many people have made a collection of insects. They fail to see any pleasure or profit with things like insects.

The United States Government has made a specialty of collecting insects. In fact, the National Museum in Washington, D. C., has the world's second largest classified collection of insects. The value of this large collection is found in the benefits from its use for the citizens of the United States, rather than in the pleasure for one person in making the collection or than in the immediate cash value of it were it to be placed on the market to be sold in whole or in part.



U.S.D.A. Photograph by Killian

Ready for surgical operation

ington, D.C., to find whether it is safe to let it enter. If the insect is dangerous or there is a law against its entry, the insects must be destroyed before the merchandise or person can enter. If the insects can not be destroyed, then the merchandise, plant, fruit or whatever it is, can not cross the border.

Towns, counties and states have people who make a special study of agriculture and insects. Too, agriculture schools are interested in the various insects. Whenever any of these people find a new or an unknown insect, this specimen is sent to Washington, D. C., to be identified and added to the larger group, if one of that kind is not already in the national collection.

As soon as the specimen arrives, if it is found to be new or different from any already on hand, the skilled workers get out their fine operating instruments to prepare it for their permanent collection.

## THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

This national collection of insects is as complete as it is humanly possible to have it. When additions or changes appear to be made, efforts are put forth without delay to make the collection more complete.

The United States has around 80,000 kinds of insects. The group to which the weevils and beetles

## THE SPECIMENS

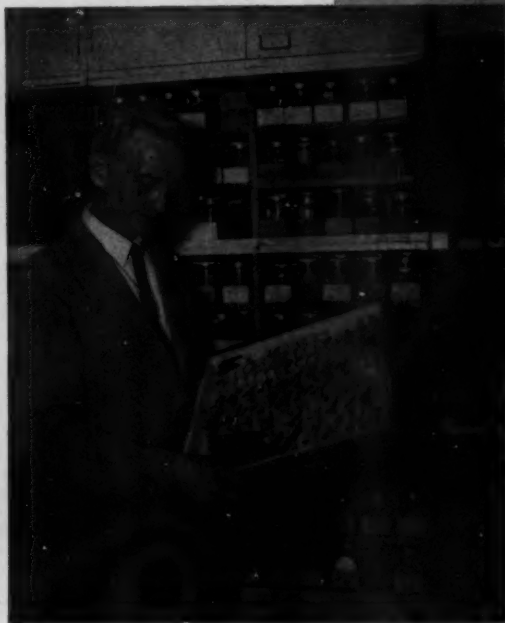
Many people have had a part in collecting the insects at Washington, D. C. Our Government has officials at all the places along the border where merchandise or people enter this Country. Their duty is to look for insects which may be in the merchandise or in anything else being brought here. If the discovered insect is new or unknown to the official, this specimen is sent to the specialists at Wash-



## Cases for the Collection

### One of the Trays of the Collection

U.S.D.A. Photograph by Killian



belong, called Coleoptera, has 331,200 known species. The second largest group of insects, the Lepidoptera, has 146,000 known species, including all the moths and butterflies. No insect is too small or too large for this large collection.

Not content with having a complete variety of specimens in the collection, the specialists have specimens in the various stages of their lives, whether it is a worm, an egg, a crawling or flying insect or some other form. Then there are groups of the various parts of these insects, especially where detailed examination or observation is necessary. This may be a varied group of wings, legs, or some other important parts. These different wings, legs and other parts have been examined and studied so closely that some of the specialists at Washington, D. C., can identify many new specimens merely by looking at the wing, leg or some other part of the insect.

The Museum contains many cases, cupboards, shelves, drawers, and other means for keeping the

large collection of insects. Whenever any certain kind of insect or any part of its life cycle is needed, the workers can go to some drawer, case or bottle to find it, well prepared and preserved for immediate observation.

## THE BENEFITS

A helpful purpose is back of all these efforts to prepare and continue this expanding collection. In fact, many different benefits have been gained from the use of these specimens.

Their educational benefits are many. Books have been prepared giving many of the discoveries made while working with the various insects in the different periods of growth. Helpful pictures are included in these books, so that those who can not come to Washington, D. C., to see the large collection, can know and see in an indirect way what is known.

The most important and most frequent use of this collection is to help with the identification of insects. Unknown or new insects are sent from many different points in the United States to Washington, D. C., for information on what they are and whether they are harmless or harmful. If it is harmful, a report is sent out at once to keep this insect from entering our Country. If already here, efforts are made at once to try to destroy it.

The Washington specialists may find that a harmless insect will help to destroy a harmful one. This report is sent at once to the location of the danger and plans are started to send the helpful insects to assist with killing the dangerous ones.

## Notice to Librarians:

The current volume of *THE GRAIL* will be closed with the December issue. This change is being made so that hereafter the volumes will correspond to the year. Volume 24 will run from January, 1942 to December, 1942.

# Letter from A SEMINARIAN

St. Meinrad, Indiana

Dear Dad and Mom,

If I didn't know that you could see through my recent actions, I might be a little worried. I was just thinking today what you could have said about my all-too-evident eagerness to leave home and to get back to the Seminary. Not that I love home less—no, that's not it. But once it's time to begin another year in preparation for my goal—well, there's no holding back, and I was eager to be once again among the boys and young men whose aims and ideals are like mine.

And if you don't think we are glad to see one another—spend an hour on the Campus during the day the students return. From a vantage point on the shady College Terrace I watched the students as they arrived. How the boys of last year's first class have grown. They walk around the Campus with a self-confidence and poise that bespeaks a whole year of experience! From their actions you can see that they would like the new comers of this year to appreciate their position. Some of the older boys merely smile and cast an understanding glance at them while they peacefully hug one of the green benches on the Terrace.

The arrival of a new boy changes the scene somewhat. Up jumps a senior to direct the newly arrived to the Rector, then to the registration room. Here he will get his placement card which explains to him where to eat, sleep, study, and pray (with emphasis, however, in the reverse order.) Then he will be shown around his new home.

I was going to go over to another point, but didn't you often during

the summer ask me to send a big picture of the Seminary together with a description? I have obtained an airplane view of the Church, the Abbey, the Major and Minor Seminaries. So if you will only tag along with us as I take a new student around the buildings I'll try to give some idea of St. Meinrad.

The main group of buildings which you see in the picture, sits almost like a fortress upon a hill in a retired spot, one of the most delightful of southern Indiana. One Father remarked, "The rural environment, the picturesque and charming scenery delight the eye, but they also tend of necessity to elevate the mind and purify the heart." For myself I've learned to love the God of Nature in these surroundings.

Beginning from the left (your left) you see the most important building of them all. I hesitated to call it a building only, for it is more—the House of God. This Abbey Church is the scene of the daily Masses of the Fathers, of the Community High Mass each morning, of the ordinations to the priesthood each year in Pentecost Week. The twin towers can be seen, and the big bells in the towers can be heard for miles around. Every fifteen minutes the clocks from on high give notice of their presence.

From the Abbey Church we step into the front section of the large quadrangle in the middle of which is the reception room where visitors may meet those whom they have come to see. On the side of the reception room closest to the Church is the Major Seminary. The young men who have from one to six years to study live here. They are closest to the priesthood and, of course, we

younger boys patiently await the time when we can begin philosophy and then theology. The students of the Minor Seminary occupy the section farthest away from the Church. The Fathers, who teach us, the Fraters, and Brothers have as their home that part of the buildings which form the rear of the quadrangle.

Here, Dad and Mom, you have St. Meinrad at a glance. I should mention that the first of the two structures which you see in the upper left corner is the Oblates' School, St. Placid Hall, for boys who wish to become Benedictine Brothers. Behind the Oblates' School is the Abbey Press. Now shifting the eye to the opposite corner you see a water tower and on the side the very popular and indispensable bakery.

I'm sorry that a place which is fast becoming well-known, the Abbey Dell Dairy, is not on the picture. Recently at the Indiana State Fair the eight entries from the Abbey Dell Dairy brought home five yards of premium ribbon. Twenty awards with three first places!

Now I'll be satisfied with less than a yard—just one twelve by eight sheet of letter paper containing lots of news from the folks at home.

Your devoted son,

Tom.

P.S. In the Minor Seminary this year, there are boys from Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kansas, Arkansas, South Dakota, Wyoming, California, Oklahoma, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, and one from Canada.

*With our boys*  
**AT WORK AND PLAY**

**E**VERY GRAIL reader who is acquainted with St. Meinrad and the student body finds this page something good to read. Even though many of the names mentioned are new names, still there is a familiarity about the news from the Abbey that holds the interest. Obviously it is not possible each month to print all the current events at the Abbey, for THE GRAIL is a national magazine, and many of its readers do not find local items of sufficient interest to warrant their publication in a magazine of this

kind. To satisfy those who wish to read more each month about the seminary, the students of the Minor Seminary print a school paper monthly throughout the school year, known as the *Campus Chatter*. This eight page paper supplements THE GRAIL as far as local news is concerned. If you happen to be interested in such a paper, your subscription will be welcome. The price is fifty cents a year. Like THE GRAIL, the *Campus Chatter* carries no advertisements and depends entirely upon its circulation to keep it in

print. The articles are all written by the students of the Minor Seminary, and the printing is done by The Abbey Press. The students of the Major Seminary publish *Historical Essays* twice a year. These essays are of interest to students of Church history, and represent hours of study and research on the part of the seminarians who prepare them. *Historical Essays* is one dollar a year. Send your subscription to *Campus Chatter* or to *Historical Essays*, St. Meinrad, Indiana.



# OUR DAY

Anne Bartholemew

Dear Girls:

Since all ladies are women, and all women potential ladies destined for a life of unending happiness, I address you in the spirit of a youth that is eternal. Youth of the body is the period of growth and development. For most persons it marks the boundary line of formal education. But the human soul is ageless; therefore, so long as our minds are pliant and receptive to new ideas, so long as we can exercise our faculties of will, memory and understanding, we are never too old to learn. Every woman who has an appreciation of what is good, and true, and beautiful, is a lady, or is in process of becoming one.

The word lady has been almost dropped from our vocabulary. With it has gone much of the charm the word implies. The word "lady" has been elbowed aside, as it were, by the more robust and matronly term "Woman." This change in terminology is a concession to the pagan ideal which places motherhood above virginity.

Emily Post defines a lady as one who possesses "sincerity, sympathy, and serenity." Her definition is good so far as it goes, and is in keeping with her specialty. It deals with social technique, and is not concerned with moral perfection or spiritual beauty. The young woman who drowned her baby in a bath-tub, as reported recently in the daily press, had all the ear-marks of a lady, according to dear Emily. It was her sympathy for her husband that prompted the execution. The sincerity of her sympathy is equalled only by the serenity with which she went into action. Because she felt sorry for the baby's father, who had to prepare its formula, she drowned the baby. Her technique raises

some serious questions which will probably be settled in court.

I should define a lady as one who possesses purity, purpose, and poise, the outstanding characteristics of the Virgin Mother of Christ. In her sincerity she was supreme, in her sympathy all-embracing, while her serenity was the peace that passeth understanding. Though only a slip of a girl she argued her only case with the Angel Gabriel, and not until assured by the heavenly messenger that her virginity would be preserved did she consent to the



Divine Maternity. This incident in the life of our Blessed Lady marks the birth of the feminist movement, a movement, by the way, that has been the butt of much adverse criticism. Such criticism, however, is not directed against the freedom accorded to woman, but rather toward the use she has made of her freedom.

The characteristic most stressed in the life of our Blessed Mother is her humility. Sinless herself in a sinful world, her purpose in life was to co-operate with the will of her Creator. She was born with the physical, mental and spiritual qualities that fitted her for a particular Mission, the Redemption of Mankind. Her work was laid out for her and she did it. But let no one imagine that her life was easy. In

all her sufferings she was sustained, however, by the consciousness that she was doing God's will, and that "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Humility is truth. Pride is a lie. But Mary's humility was pride in the well-doing of the task assigned to her by Almighty God. That is the sort of pride, and that is the kind of humility that has transformed the wilderness of America into the garden spot of the world. And now the Father of Lies and his cohorts are trying to roll back the scroll of Christian civilization, to call down upon us the anger of God and to re-stage our banishment from an earthly Paradise.

There seems to be no question as to who was to blame for the Fall of Man. The Church puts the responsibility squarely on the shoulders of Father Adam. But a stigma of blame attaches to Mother Eve, and the legend persists that if she had not tempted him Adam would not have fallen. We must not let this sort of thing happen again. To be sure, if the men who are running the governments of the world persist in wrecking civilization, we are powerless to stop them. But we can refuse sympathetic co-operation, and to our dying gasp we can protest against their vandalism. When the war is over, and woman's tears have washed away the blood of the shambles, poppies will bloom again. Then will History be written. In that day let it not be recorded: "It was woman's fault. She refused to bear children—she took man's job away from him—she was lazy and selfish, idle, foolish and vain—and so forth and so on *ad infinitum*."

We can accept misfortune as coming from the hand of God if we know that we ourselves, by our sins



of omission and commission, have not invited the disaster. That is my understanding of the virtue of humility. That is the spirit in which holy nuns, vowed to a life of purity, have accepted motherhood when it was forced upon them by the violence of Communist soldiers. This has happened on American soil, and it will perhaps happen in our dear United States, unless God in His infinite mercy, turns the red tide of Communism back upon itself. Communism, Nazism and Fascism are all cut from the same piece of cloth. They are identical in their ideology. They may squabble among themselves for leadership, but they are united in purpose. That purpose is to destroy Christianity by bluster and by blood regardless of consequences.

The war that is devastating Europe is a war of ideologists pitted

against a single idea, Christ. In America it is as yet a spiritual and intellectual combat in which women fight side by side with men, not indeed in the trenches, but on their knees in prayerful supplication to the Mother of Sorrows, that she bring peace to a troubled world. Every true word spoken, every calm thought uttered, every wild impulse restrained, brings a measure of balance to a world gone mad with unbridled emotionalism. Our prisons, sanitariums and insane asylums are filled to overflowing with men and women who could not think things through. For the first time in the history of medicine, more men than women are going insane.

While we may well be silent about many things, we should not be dumb. We should be quick to read the handwriting on the wall. Look at Father Adam! At a hint from Mother Eve

he threw away not only his own inheritance, but yours and mine. On a gamble! If poor old Adam had had a little more of what it takes he could have saved himself and his posterity a whole world of trouble. No woman ever made a fool of a man. His Royal Highness the Devil saved them the trouble.

What is the answer? Just this: We must do the duty that lies nearest our hand. We must do it better than any one else could do it, better than it ever was done before. We must put our trust in God, remembering that we have all the means of grace at our disposal. While future generations may not rise up and call us blessed, they may, on the other hand, do that very thing. In any case we will enjoy the reward of a happiness no one can take from us: a clear conscience and honest pride in work well done.

## Holidays in Catholic Schools

*Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.*

One of the stock objections to our Catholic schools is that they have too many holidays for the good of the children. The public schools, they say, are better equipped to give the children full time without the handicap of saints' feasts, holydays, and religious anniversaries. Let us have more efficiency, they say, and less time-out for the sake of religious sentiment.

Public schools have fewer holidays than the Catholic schools because they have fewer occasions to rejoice. The American public school has fewer sacred anniversaries, fewer saints, and fewer traditions looking back for twenty centuries. The Catholic school is like a very old and famous family whose every day is the blessed anniversary of some glorious hero or heroine who won the guerdon of holiness by the heroic charity of a Christ-like life. Is not sacred tradition more important than efficiency without ideals?

The Catholic school has something more important for the child than full-time schedules; it has sacred background, a rich history, a long line of heroes whose lives deserve remembrance and imitation. Tarcisius, Agnes, Cecilia, the child martyrs of the first three centuries, Benedict whose order tamed the barbarians of the early middle ages, Francis of Assisi whose Christ-like poverty won even the hearts of his enemies, St. Louis the Crusader King; the apostles of Christianity in America, Isaac Jogues, Lalemant, Junipero Serra, DeSmet, are household names in the Catholic schools.

The Catholic school, like the Church which mothers it, has thousands of birthdays into eternity to celebrate, the mysteries of Our Lord's birth and death and resurrection to cherish and honor.

Is it any wonder that the Catholic school has more to celebrate and rejoice over than the godless school from whose halls the doctrine of Christ, and the memory of His saints are barred by law? If religion is the cause of joy, is it any wonder that our Catholic schools are not so infested with the bug of hyper-efficiency and standardization that they have time to stop and be glad on the feastdays of Our Lord and His friends, the saints of God?

# Know What You Want



## —or Fail

L. E. Eubanks

**M**Y FRIEND, P. S., has changed his mind again, deciding to return to the study of violin. That was his chief interest at the time I formed his acquaintance about a year ago, but since then he has taken up and abandoned several prospective vocations.

He's a janitor now, but feels—and justly, I believe—that there is something more dignified and more remunerative for him. But were I a betting man, I'd wager a thousand dollars that P. S. will never rise high, never even make a living at anything but menial service.

He's a likeable fellow, fairly well educated and rather clever. But he has what has been called a grasshopper mind and because of that is likely to remain in the class that, as one advertiser has said, does the world's clerical work and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, endlessly, they hold the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured.

In this day of super-competence and keenest competition, the uncertain person hasn't a ghost of a chance. He's carrying too big a handicap in that habit of jumping from one thing to another. His more successful rival may be actually less qualified for the given job, but he has the indispensable concentration that comes from singleness of aim.

My friend P. S. is unquestionably as musical as many persons who

have gone well up in the violin world. Two teachers and a famous virtuoso have told him so. But he's too easily swayed from a purpose. For a week or two after he was encouraged by the master player, P. S. worked hard and effectively. For a while he fooled even me, who understands his psychological make-up.

Then an acquaintance flattered him into a trial at salesmanship. P. S. was so affable, such a good mixer, etc. I'm not saying that the young man couldn't be a fine salesman, he probably could—with sufficient concentration and enough training. But he didn't stick to selling long enough to master its first principles. A new friend discovered that P. S. was really a writer, that he could hit new heights in the literary world. How could such an outstanding gift have been overlooked or ignored so long!

With a little contrition over having shirked that duty he owed to English literature (!), but more of his customary enthusiasm for anything new, P. S. purchased a dozen books on how to write, arranged for a quiet room in which to immerse himself, and went to work.

The same old thing. In two months he was stone-cold on writing. He was going to be a professional athlete, though nearly thirty years old. Then stern monetary necessity forced him to take his present work as janitor, and his latest "determination" is to resume music (which he has resumed and re-resumed at least a dozen times) just as soon as

he gets two or three paydays and can satisfy the most insistent of his creditors. Mrs. P. S. says her husband has always been that way, at least since their marriage seven years ago.

It's my belief that every young person who hopes to win success in any competitive field should be impressed with the truth that "you've got to be good to win." Appreciating this, he will know that time and energies cannot be dissipated. Repeatedly I've heard the story of P. S.'s grandfather—how "that man could do anything." There's good reason to suspect that the story exerted some influence on P. S.—which wouldn't have been so bad, perhaps, had his parents stressed the great difference time has wrought. This is a day of specialization, and most of us will be doing very well indeed if we become a leader in any one field.

"All my life I've wondered just what I was cut out for." I'm sure you've heard more than one person say that; I've heard many. In effect, they must have been "cut out" just to wonder about the cutting; because that's all they have done.

It should be no colossal task to determine what you want—or rather (since we all desire many things), which one of your wants is supreme. Unless you are very exceptional both mentally and physically, you'll do better not to want *intensely* more than one real achievement. In truth, you are not yet ready for achievement unless you possess a para-

mount desire. You must know exactly what you want, and must want it so much that you're willing and glad to put other wants aside if necessary.

Perhaps you haven't gone into self-analysis along such lines. You certainly should, and when you do it's almost certain that you'll find a supreme want—something you'd rather do than anything else, some prize for which you are willing to labor and sacrifice.

No one can really help much—unless natural adaptation and desire could be depended upon to agree. I could see by looking at a certain man that he had exceptional possibilities as a strong man for a circus or a heavyweight wrestler, but what was not at all obvious was his

desire to be an intellectual light! That man wanted to be a scholar, and that want was so overwhelming that it never once weakened during several years of athletic competition. "My body will earn the money for my mind's later development," this man planned; "I want to be a savant, and I will be." And now he's well under headway on the latter part of that plan, made several years ago.

He will succeed, because he determined what it was that he most wanted; then set about to achieve the end; and never entertained any idea of failure or of "grasshoppering" from one plan to another.

Some persons, it seems, devote sufficient time to vacillation between two purposes to succeed in either

one of them. Accompanying that uncertainty is, of course, a like kind of talk; the kind that constantly militates against self-confidence and morale. To be undecided is to be inefficient; only when we know definitely what we want, devote our major efforts to that objective, and believe steadfastly in our ability to win out—only then do we truly succeed.

My friend P. S. would be earning good money today, at least a good living, had he decided definitely that music was his field. I feel that he really knew it all along—just somehow lacked that important quality of decisiveness which I believe to be a fundamental of success. Don't be a grasshopper; know what you want—and go after it steadily.

# GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.



"Lord, that I may see."

—St. Lk. 18:41

## GLASS EYES

YOU have heard these lines of Frederick Langbridge quoted before:

"Two men look through the same bars;  
One sees the mud, and one the stars."

Each prisoner sees just what he *wants* to see. Home should be no jail, no concentration camp. Yet, because of being closeted so intimately and so long with the various members of the family, and seeing only their "seamy" side, an escape and relief is often sought outside the home circle among strangers.

What such home-wearied members need is to repeat the prayer of blind Bartimeus: "Lord, that I may see!" Jesus, because of the blind man's "faith" restored sight to his glassy eyes. It is the light of faith that gives vision to glass eyes, that adjusts cross-eyes, that cures near-sightedness. It is the cure-all for family eye troubles. Faith causes us to look for perfection rather than defects, as the lover does. It idealizes the subject as the painter does. It etherealizes the person as the poet does. And if you magnify little virtues into broad halos of sanctity, it is a profitable deception for all concerned. It is more pleasant to look at a flower than to contemplate a rank weed, to study the stars rather than bury your eyes in the mud.

Seeing is believing. Believing is seeing properly. It means seeing Christ in each member of your family (your nearest neighbors), and Christ has no faults.

# John Barleycorn AGAIN

*"There is one safe, sure cure for the drink habit -- only one."*

*Priscilla Wayne*

I WRITE A DAILY column for some of the world's greatest newspapers. I've been doing it for thirty years. I advise people. I tell them what they ought to do if they find themselves in any one of the million heartbreaking predicaments that can come to human beings.

I thought I knew all the answers. But I did not. Recently I received a letter and I didn't know the answer. Here is the letter, deleted only as to true names and places. It voices a problem I could not answer.

"I am a man, forty years old. I have a splendid position, earning several hundred dollars a month. I have a loving wife whom I adore and we are the parents of three very nearly perfect children.

"My employers are very good to me—life is everything that I could desire *but for one thing*.

"I inherited a taste for liquor. I cannot let it alone. I have tried everything. I have had three sets of so-called 'cures' but they do not last. My employers have been kind. To them I am like a son. Each time I fell so low they tried to help me and did help me carry on. But now I have been warned for the last time. Unless I can check myself I shall lose my job, my wife and family, everything. They have done all human beings could be asked to do to help another.

"Last week I came home—from where they sent me for the last time. I am supposedly 'cured'. Truthfully I am nauseated when I even think of hard liquor but there's something inside of me that keeps saying, 'Take just a little now. See if you can. Show them you can take it or you can leave it alone.'

"My life has become a nightmare. I feel myself slipping. One of these days I'm going to go crazy again—I'm going in and take that drink—"

The letter went on and on, an authentic, heart-breaking letter.

What to say to him?

You see, I had learned that I didn't know all of the answers, even after thirty years.

You are wondering what I did? Well, I turned back to my column. Here, within my reach were hundreds of thousands of human beings like this troubled man. Some of those thousands had fought

the same fight this man had fought. Some of them had won.

I decided to ask them how they won.

So I told the troubled man what I intended to do. I asked him to hang on until someone gave us the answer. Then I put a little piece in the paper. I told my readers about this man. I said, "He's got to have a sure cure." I asked, "Does anyone know that answer? Is there a safe, sure, and permanent refuge from John Barleycorn? If you know of one will you please write me?"

I wish that I could charter the entire *Your Life* book this month to give you the answers just as they came to me. They came to me by the dozens and by the literal hundreds—thoughtful, sincere and friendly. But I was amazed. You see I had expected the names and addresses of Liquor Cures. I had supposed that locations of anti-drink sanitariums would be sent me and also of psychiatrists and specialists in the human mind and human nerves who would tell this man how to get a grip on himself. I anticipated receiving recipes and formulas for foods and powders and drinks that could assuage this man's hunger for liquor.

I received very little of that type of information. Yet the letters came by the dozens, and the dozens.

They came from all types of people. They came from wealthy and influential men and women. They came from poor and inconsequential men and women. They came from brilliant people and from people with the most modest intellectual equipment.

There were various approaches to the problem, some written in a very brilliant and learned way and others in simple words of one syllable but all of them carried the same message, and all were like a banner, one brief, satisfying word of one syllable, and three brief letters.

That word: GOD.

I have never in my life before been so deeply impressed by the power of that phrase most of us learned away back when we were kids in Sunday School, "God is our refuge and strength, a helper in troubles."

I believe that, as straws show the way the wind is blowing, just so did this quick high tide of let-



ters show that the trek of the human heart is back to God.

Not necessarily back to churches or religion as we have known them, although perhaps so. Rather I think that this straw in the wind of public opinion shows that there is a growing need and belief of the human soul in a Power bigger than ourselves. A Power that is with us every day of our lives and helps us as we tackle every personal problem. A Power that is, in fact, "Our strength and refuge, a helper in troubles."

I have sent these letters to the man who asked the soul-searching question I could not answer. I pray that he has faith and courage to follow the path to peace which they outline.

Now let me share with you some of those impressive letters. There was one from a man named Bob. It was a long and earnest letter. Bob is thirty. He inherited a small coal and grain business from his father. He also inherited his father's love of hard liquor. Bob had plenty of memories of bringing his father home time and again in a drunken stupor and Bob remembered how finally his mother went down to the coal office and transacted the business of earning a living for her small family. Bob's father, killed in a drunken brawl, came early to occupy a drunkard's grave.

"That," Bob said, "was a warning to me. I decided that I would 'take it or leave it' and that drink would never get me down. But do you know how drink grows on one? Well, if you're not a drunkard maybe you really don't know. First I tried a glass of beer—just to be 'sociable.' I always figured that I could let it alone if I wanted to and I determined that I'd show them that I wasn't as weak-willed as my Dad. I could let it alone if I wanted to. Well, for a time, I proved that. Perhaps it was because I didn't like beer.

"Then, one night, at the home of a friend I had my first 'old fashioned'. I liked it. The taste haunted me. I knew, right then and there, that it would be hard for me to let it alone after that. I knew the taste and the desire would grow upon me. But I'd thought I was smart, worldly-wise and sophisticated when I said, 'Hit me about so-so,' as my host held the bottle. Yes, I thought I was being a 'good fellow.'

"My host knew me. He knew my background. He said, 'I think you're doing exactly right, Bob. Learn what your capacity is. Find out how much you can hold and stop right there.'

"How insanely absurd such a statement is, how wickedly false. As well have said, 'Measure how much arsenic you can take, Bob. Take it and stop right then and there.' Or, 'Let a few spoonfuls of

water go over Niagara Falls, Bob, but stop it right where you want to stop it.'

"There wasn't any stopping. I was on the road my father had traveled and I knew it. It took me less than five years to go the whole road. My mother died, broken hearted. I lost the girl I loved. She had sense enough to refuse to share the life of a drunken sot. I lost the grain and coal business I'd inherited. I didn't find my capacity—it was limitless. So was my degradation.

"Then one day I came to myself in a hurry. I was with two other drunken brawlers and our rattletrap of a car went into the ditch. I was thrown against a telephone pole and I came to, in a hospital, with both legs broken and such a headache as I'd never even dreamed of before.

"I wanted a drink of whiskey—I wanted it so badly that I would have bartered my soul for it. I lay there in my bed and I cried like a baby—not because I had pain, not because every nerve in my body tingled with anguish but because that haunting, 'You've got to have it, you've got to have it, you've got to have it right now,' throbbed in my entire body.

"After a while I became conscious that there were other people in the room with me. One was a boy about eighteen—thin and white as the sheet he lay on. I'd never seen anybody as trussed up as he was—both of his feet in a kind of hanging cage so that he lay right on the middle of his back. And around his neck and half way down his back was a kind of leather and steel harness. I learned later that his neck was broken. One arm, helpless and in a cast, was folded over him. He could move the other arm weakly.

"Well, day after day I watched that kid. He hung on like grim death. He was fighting hard to live and even the doctors and nurses knew he wasn't going to win that fight. That is they thought they knew. But the kid knew more than they knew. You see he had a friend. Sometimes in the dead of night I'd hear him talking to his friend softly. In mere whispers. He thought the rest of us couldn't hear. He said—and the earnestness of his voice would send the chills racing up and down my spine—'Dear God, I'd like to live. Please let me, if it's right. Please, God, please.'

"Queer, wasn't it? I had a feeling God wasn't too far away. I had a feeling he could hear that kid. Somehow I got to talking to Him myself. I got to saying to Him, just like He stood by my side, 'God, the doctor says he's going to let me out of here in a couple of weeks. God, you know the help I need. God, please help me, please.'

"So then finally I got out of the hospital. The kid was still there and even the doctors were saying now that he had more than a fighting chance by that time.

"My first impulse was to hunt me up a gang and 'celebrate' a little. But I didn't. There was a church open when I passed. I wish every church could be open all of the time, every hour of the day and night—a shelter and a refuge. This one was big and dim and sort of eerie. I went inside. I sat down and I stayed there a long time and I talked to God exactly as though He sat right there in the pew with me.

"I can't describe the feeling. It will never leave me. I TALKED WITH GOD. HE WAS RIGHT THERE WITH ME.

"I wish I could tell a happy ending story about the kid in the hospital—but maybe it's a happy ending after all. The kid was getting well one day and the next he was dead—that vital spinal cord, you know. Well I went over to the funeral home to see him. There he lay, but there was a smile on his face, I swear it. Exactly as though he'd said to God, 'O.K., God, I wanted to stay but you wanted me to come. I'm glad to do what you want.' I wasn't sad, then.

"I've talked with God on intimate terms since that first day in the hospital. He has always helped me and I know that He always will. I haven't touched a drop of liquor since that day."

Bob told more of his personal story. He started his fight back to emotional security and economic security with God's help. Now he has the little business back with a fair chance of some day owning it free of mortgages. He's got a wife and a child. He attends church and helps in the promotion of his church's work in the community. But his faith in God, his assurance of His help is big-

ger than any church and any creed. Bob's final message was, "Tell this man that once I boasted that I could take or leave drink alone. Now I boast that for the rest of my life I CAN LEAVE IT ALONE." Bob has formed a little personal partnership with his Creator.

Irene is like that too. Her letter is one of the sincerest human documents I have ever received. Illiterate and in part almost illegible, it still manages to tell a great story of Irene's faith in her God.

She says, in part, "He helps me. If I'm tempted I go to Him. I ask Him to help me and then I get hard to work. I guess God loves people who can help themselves and if I'm tempted to drink again I remember what whiskey did for me once and I quick ask God to help and then I quick get to work. I don't have no covering on my kitchen floor. A kitchen floor is a grand place to get hold of yourself. You can scrub it on your knees and you can ask God's help every inch of the way and every second of the time."

Yes, after thirty years of telling folks how to solve their problems I found one I couldn't solve and when I asked for help it came—a beautiful, encouraging, inspiring, mighty tide.

There is help in a hopeless world, there is help when we think all help has failed us. I believe, as my readers believe, that we find that help in God, our Creator.

I, too, have talked to Him and He has answered. Not always as I hoped He would answer, not always as I wanted Him to answer. But He has answered and I have been given strength and faith to believe His answer was best for me.

So there is help when we need it, there is strength when we must have it, "God is our refuge and strength, a helper in troubles."

## The Jester's Prayer

(Continued)

ening herbs, made only by the shepherds of the hills in that part of France.

Favaric knew that once he left the child Raimonde at the convent, it would mean that he must sever all ties with this beloved child of his heart. Now his mission would be to establish the fact that the rightful heir to the Kingdom of Anresson, being sought by Hugh of Valmondroids, was dead. The Jester knew that only by complete oblivion of her identity would the child's life be safe. This was not going to be such an easy task, for Favaric

loved this child as he loved the Saints and Angels in Heaven. The thought of life without her left a great emptiness in his heart.

They were again traveling toward the cloister. On and on they rode, straight into a feathery snow-storm, until between the myriad shaped flakes Favaric could see the familiar outline of the cross on the steeple of the chapel. They would soon reach Des Fleurs, and that would mean warmth and safety for Raimonde.

(To be continued)

# GIVE *and* TAKE



## Open Forum

*This Month*

*Julia W. Wolfe*

*Taking the Blame*

"**S**ISTER was standing there by the table looking at me, and she made me drop the glass," says a high-strung boy of ten.

"Did sister touch the glass or you?" mother asks gently.

"No; but if she had not been there I should not have done it."

It has always been so—some one else makes big brother disobey, makes him forget to carry out an order, gets him into accidents and brings mishaps upon him. What would his mother not give to hear him once say, "There, that was careless of me! I won't do it again," or, if he would only say, when he cannot find his cap, "I don't know where I put it," instead of saying "Some one has taken my cap." Small wonder the mother watches her son with distressed eyes when he throws himself on the floor in a paroxysm of rage, because, "This knife is no good; I cannot cut with it."

There is a natural human instinct to shield oneself, to retreat behind an excuse, to offer extenuating circumstances. Who was ever late at an appointment without having spent the last minute of frantic rushing toward it in framing an apologetic greeting? "The clock was slow." "The plumber kept me."

"The telephone rang, and I missed my bus or train"; and how seldom does anyone say, "I failed to allow sufficient time for emergencies."

A certain young man of twenty-five or so has clouded his whole life by his stubborn refusal to take the blame when he deserves it. He is morally clean, a churchgoer and self-supporting. Living at home he paid board enough to cover the cost of his food, but not one cent more. He did not spend an hour of time in helping about the house; but because he paid board he felt entitled to do as he pleased—to give orders, to keep what hours he chose, to inconvenience everyone without an apology or excuse.

As a young boy he had refused to mix in games or sports with other boys, except on terms of favoritism to himself. He refused to "play the game." The result was that he grew up without friends, a brooding hermit, lonely and bitter. He saw offense where none was intended, and never made a concession or did a kindness.

In business his experience was what might have been expected from his character. He tried and abandoned one position after another. The change was always the employer's fault or the disagreeable nature of the work, or the long hours, or the low pay.

In a moment of extreme self-pity the young man asked a girl to marry him. He poured into her sym-

pathetic ear the story of his misunderstood nature, always blaming his family for his poor showing in life. She believed him, was sorry for him and was willing, as girls are, to give him a chance. As he had indulged himself in everything else that he had fancied all his life, so he indulged himself in love. After three years of half-hearted effort he was still unable to earn enough to marry on, or even to deny himself little luxuries for the sake of his fiancée. He monopolized the best years of the girl's life, and then, when she was tired of the waiting and the whining, blamed her for breaking the engagement.

Is there anything more exasperating than the maid who breaks the best dishes and will not admit that she has broken them, or the clerk who is afraid to confess that he made a mistake, a husband who hates to own up to an error of judgment, a wife who will weep but never give in, a father who will disinherit a child rather than admit that he himself was in the wrong? All of them were once children, and there was something the matter with the way they were trained.

Men have let other men languish in prison for them rather than come forward and take the punishment that belonged to them. Lovers have parted, families have been broken up, murders committed because some one lacked the courage to say, "I did it."



# Why

## Should I Continue With My Music?

Leslie E. Dunkin

"**W**HY SHOULD I continue?" The sincerity of this question surprised me, but I wanted to help my high-school daughter to answer her question about the future of her music—especially with the school band.

"Why not?" I countered quickly. "Haven't you thought of what you have done in the past?"

All of us have been proud of our three girls in the high school marching band—also of their efforts on the piano at home.

"Yes, just see what I have done and what I haven't done!" She took up my question without any hesitance. "Two years in the band. I march along with them and carry my flute in position but that's about all. I can't play the music, the way the rest of them do. I never will be able to do that, so why should I continue?"

Her voluntary confession surprised me at first, but not so much after thinking carefully about her situation.

"Have you compared the music you're now trying to play, with what you had to be content to use two years ago?" I thought aloud to her. "Do you really know what the others have been doing or have failed to do?"

Most musicians are too close to their own sincere efforts to see clearly and quickly how much progress has been made. The background of other musicians is somewhat unknown to them. They fail to know the number of hours of intensive practice which precede the apparently easy mastery of the difficult musical number. They fail to remember the continual group of people, who have wished for or even started efforts with music, but only to drop by the wayside with an excuse or alibi.

### *What Is There To Do?*

"What is there to do?" I asked. "What are you going to do now with what has been gained from the past?"

"This year I'll be the only flute player," she explained. "I'll have to carry all the flute part by myself and I'll not pretend to do something that I know I can't."

"But aren't you willing to try what you might learn to do?" I challenged. "What do you hope to do, if you quit the band now?"

"I want to drop out for a year and practice alone on my flute, so I can learn to play the way the rest of them do now," she suggested. "Then in another year, I'll go back into the band and really play."

"But you won't! And you know you won't, if you'll really think about it!" I warned her. "That flute will lie up in your room the whole school-year untouched—without the incentive to keep up in the band. Furthermore, you'll neglect and then quit your piano work."

Once a musician tries to avoid a difficult situation, he has started to slip, such that he soon quits much, if not all, of his music plans and interest.

"Remember too!" I continued. "What you decide now, may reach far into your future. What do you hope for your future?"

### *An Idol Or An Ideal?*

"I'll never become a famous flutist," she protested, "so why should I bother to continue?"

"If that's the only reason for your music efforts," I countered quickly, "you never should have started in the first place—not even thought about it."

Only one person in the thousands, who start with music in hope that they might become famous musicians or even professional players or singers as life careers, ever reaches that ambitious goal for his future. Yet, all the others can not justly be considered failures in their music.

"Are you making your music an idol to which you are a slavish worshipper—or an ideal for inspiring and guiding your whole future life?" I continued. "Which is it for you?"



With music as an idol, the musician works feverishly and slavishly to become such a master of it that the applauding public will idolize him in his recognized success. Everything else is sacrificed by such an individual upon his altar before this music idol. His whole life and enjoyment of it is dependent upon his reaching such a goal for himself.

"But what about music as an ideal?" she finally asked. "What do you mean by that?"

"You use your music merely to enjoy life more for all, rather than to drive you through life at all costs," I tried to explain to her. "Such music emphasizes for you a possible harmony in everything, if you will practice for it."

#### *The Successful Musician*

"But how can I be a successful musician, if I don't reach my goal to be a recognized player of the flute—or the piano?" she persisted. "That's what I'd like to know."

In the first place, success in music means that the individual will be musically conscious. Good music will be known and appreciated, when it is heard, even though the listener or the playing listener can not play it perfectly. Musical elements in life will be recognized and appreciated, such as pleasing harmony, persistent practice for greater efficiency,

the minor strains, the parts and places for all instruments, and other helpful knowledge and skill. The musically-conscious individual becomes a better person in any situation. The public is quick to recognize this, even though the real reason for it may not be known at the time.

In the second place, success in music means that the individual will be musically helpful. Such a person can turn to music for helpful assistance in whatever mood or situation he may be. The ability to turn to music in some form to steady one's thoughts and feelings and to give expression to one's inner self—irrespective of who might be listening, if anybody—makes the individual the master artist of the immediate situation and of all of life for him and many others.

"So you yourself know better whether you are a successful musician," I concluded, "irrespective of public recognition or applause."

(P.S. She stayed with the band and with her music, as advised, and two years after this personal chat she as a Senior is one of the recognized "stand-by's" of the large marching band, a member of the still-smaller band-orchestra group that plays for special occasions. Beginning musicians often wish that they knew their music as well as she does and could play it as easily as she does, and yet she does not think that she has gone so very far with her music. If they and she only knew what all is back of this and may come from it!)

#### *For Junior Knights*

## TAKE A PLANE

**D**O YOU remember the thrill that you got when you took that first plane ride? How beautiful the cities with their streets and the farms with their boundaries appeared from the air! How wonderful the rivers, the trees, the tall buildings and the cars looked! How thrilling was the first curve that the pilot took! Living in the state of grace can give you something of the same thrill. It will help you see things from the air.

To live in the state of grace is to have Christ as your co-pilot. As long as you are together at the controls, there will be no ice to impair the wings of the plane, there will be no air pockets to pull you down, there will be no such things as crashing into the side of a mountain.

Furthermore, riding in this plane of the state of grace you will make wonderful time. On the air lanes of grace there will be no traffic jams, no intersection lights to slow you up. You will break all speed records, but best of all, you will land safely on the airport of Heaven.

*Gilbert Hess, O. S. B.*

# Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

The liturgical movement is a Mass movement.

Each one writes his own autobiography moment by moment, word by word, and action by action. And it can be read by friend or enemy just as it is produced. One's daily life adds page to page until death puts the final period.

Our Lord uttered the Ninth Beatitude to St. Thomas: "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

Some set the standard for virtue very high for others; while for themselves they set it no higher than a pig-sty.

The poor we shall always have with us that we may have the opportunity to practice that "second commandment that is like unto the first"—to love thy neighbor as thyself, neighborliness.

Trial marriages do not make for happiness, but marriage trials do. For sacrifices and hardships shared in common make two hearts one; and of a house or flat make a home.

There is an old legend of one whose good works were few, but whose devotion to the Blessed Mother

was great, and who passing through the portals of death found the gate to Heaven closed. This one fitted the cross of the Rosary into the lock and entered into Paradise on Our Lady's pass-key.

In a Gospel parable Our Lord typifies three classes of souls who neglect His invitation to the banquet of the Holy Eucharist. One excused

the other because he had bought a farm. As if one's wife, one's belongings, or one's property is a sufficient excuse. And what about those that have no excuse for not receiving Holy Communion?

The bill-board, street-car and bus ad cards, and newspaper advertisements have any number of things to suggest as to how to start your day off right, but none of them tells you the best way, and that is prayer. To lift your heart briefly to Him Who gives you another day is to start it off in the right way. And the best "night cap" at the close of the day is a few moments spent on your knees.

To those who would be great, let them learn the theme of the only song that we have a record of that Our Lady sang. The truly great are those that esteem themselves lowly and it is those that God exalts.

The sophisticated and the worldly-wise think that angels should be classed with fairies and elves. Whereas the truly wise know that there are angels and that each soul has one for its guardian. And the relationship between each person and his powerful angelic guardian has something to do with one's spiritual life. Angels also protect us from bodily harm.

Wouldn't you be surprised to pass the show window of a big store and see a sign saying: *The Latest Fall Styles For Souls!* What does a soul wear, in the first place? And if the store had a Style Show they would have to borrow a few Saints from Heaven for models. Then, perhaps, one could pick up a few more points of how to be a model in the Fashion Parade to Heaven.

Life is not ideal, it is practical. Ideals must be adjusted so that they are practical and yet lose nothing of their idealism. St. Paul tells us that it is to do the one and yet not neglect the other.

## The Rosary

The cross I lift  
His feet to kiss,  
For I have been  
So much remiss.

The Credo said  
My prayer's begun  
Through Mary to  
Her only Son.

Each mystery  
I ponder well;  
For each has come  
Great truth to tell.

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

himself because he was just married, another because he wanted to try out the oxen he had purchased,

## Are You Moving?

My old address —

..... Street  
..... City ..... State

My new address is, or will be

..... Street  
..... City ..... State

Signed.....

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana

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